

The Pocahontas Times.

Vol. XXVIX No 14

Marlinton, Pocahontas Co., West Virginia, November 10 1910

\$1.00 A Year

Good Reading.

Among the more pleasant things that encourage me in writing for the Pocahontas Times, is the impression that there are many young persons who are emulous of becoming good readers and thus know something of all subjects conducive to high mental culture. What a pleasure it would be to think that no paper has better readers than the Times. While the writer might wish all the papers should have as good readers, yet it is my desire that none should boast of having better or more appreciative readers.

Of the making of books there seems to be no end in sight, hence it is impossible to read all the books that are published and pressed upon by alluring advertisements and the influence of eminent persons, yet there are books treating of history, science, art and fiction that must be studiously read in order to attain the culture so much desired by the truly intellectual reader. Now what I would insist upon is to this effect that no studious reader of books will ever realize what is best in reading if the Bible be left out. There is nothing in human reach more wonderful than this dust covered and much neglected book, for in itself the Bible is a miracle of miracles. For in its preparation, preservation, unity, and purposes the Bible is more miraculous than any event recorded upon its marvellous pages. In this book are hid all the treasures of true wisdom and profitable knowledge.

The renowned Walter Scott had the highest opinion of this book, when he was dying, he asked his son-in-law to read something for him. "What Book," inquired Mr. Lockhart. "What Book." There is only book—The Bible read that." When the sons of Charles Dickens left home to engage in business, thus beginning their lives elsewhere the renowned author was in the habit of writing each one a letter. In one, he urged his son, whatever other books he neglected to read the Bible, as it contained the purest morality and the best rules of life ever made known to this world.

The Red Cross Knight in the Poet Spenser, a Fairy Queen is but the Apostle Paul's armed christian in the Epistles.

Pope's Messiah is but a paraphrase of prophetic and seraphic verses found in Isaiah. The noble strains of Cowper's Task draw their inspiration and part of their unagony from the same book of Isaiah. The Thanatopsis of W. C. Bryant is but the expansion of a passage in Job.

Wordsworth's Ode to Immortality could not have been written but for Paul's 1st Corinthians 15th chapter and the 8th chapter of Romans.

Shakespeare's beautiful ideals of woman at her best as portrayed in Desdemona and Ophelia, would have simply impolite had not his mind been permeated and enthused by a Bible and christian ideal. The Bible having given these writers in their respective departments of genius their inspiration let us not be so inconsistent as to rejoice in the stream and yet despise the fountain whence they flow. One of Daniel Webster's oracular opinions of the Bible was to this effect: "There is more of valuable truth yet to be gleaned from the Sacred Writings that has thus far escaped the attention of commentators than from all other sources of human nature combined." Such a declaration made by one renowned and admired as Mr. Webster was for sound judgment and brilliant talents is significant as it is marvelous.

Love Not Gold.

When Andrew Fuller was in the Bank of England, several heavy ingots of gold were shown him: he examined them carefully balancing the precious pieces in his hand. A companion was impatient to be gone. Then Mr. Fuller said in his own impressive manner—"How much better to have this gold in the hand than in the heart."

Our Pioneer Mothers.

Fifty years ago one of the pleasures retailed by the fenny people was to the effect that a certain Mr. So-So apologized for the discomforts of his home by saying that he was "living in the poorest home that any woman ever brought a man to." While this was regarded as one of the best jokes of the season in that remote time, yet it stands for something seriously true nevertheless. By it is taught a profound lesson worthy of special consideration and all whose memories reach that far back, and reflect upon the history of the prosperous influential families or upon those not so prosperous will apprehend its force.

By such a review of family history it will be found that the pioneer mothers specially deserve credit for the prosperity and success that have favored some families. There may be apparently exceptional instances but these are so few as only to establish the rule that good mothers mean good and prosperous families. One of the sad things pressed upon the observing mind that so few comparatively have risen up and blessed such pioneer mothers with the best their hearts should give memorial pulses and the purest tears of affectionate remembrance. When one reads such lines as the following, the pleasing impression is made that the neglected pioneer good mothers are coming to their own in the loving, lasting esteem by which their names and deeds should be cherished by those most benefited. Let these lines be thoughtfully read and carefully preserved for frequent and reflective reading by all desirous of being worthy sons and daughters of the good pioneer mothers.

THE MOTHERS OF THE WEST.

By William D. Gallagher.

The mothers of our forest-land! Stout hearted dames were they With nerves to wield the battle-brand,

And join the border fray. Our rough land had no braver, In its days of blood and strife—

Aye ready for severest toil, Aye free to peril life.

The mothers of our forest-land! On old Kentucky's soil How shared they, with each dauntless band,

War's tempest and life's toil! They shrank not from the foe man, They quailed not in the fight—

But cheer'd their husbands thro' the day, And soothed them through the night.

The mothers of our forest-land! Such were their daily deeds. Their monument—where does it stand?

Their epitaph!—who reads? No braver dames had Sparta, No nobler matrons Rome—

Yet who lauds or honors them, E'en their own green home?

The mothers of our forest-land! Their bosoms pillowed men! And proud were they by such to stand,

In hammock, fort or glen, To load the sure, old rifle— To run the leaden ball—

To watch a battling husband's place, And fill it should he fall.

The mothers of our forest-land! They sleep in unknown graves; And they had borne and nursed a band

Of ingrates, of slaves, They had not been more neglected! But their graves shall yet be found,

And their monuments dot here and there "The Dark and Bloody Ground."

The morning paper, the Dispatch and News, of Staunton, has changed hands, H. E. West, of Baltimore, being the purchaser. He assumed control November 1st. He also bought the Spectator from Colonel Turk.

Deadline list for week ending October 29—Hamon, Jacob M.; Lackey, Emmett; Latgenhart, Charles. Cards—Ern, Mrs Bessie, Jackson, Lee. Will be sent to the dead letter office November 12.

Pioneer Notes.

When the region known as the Valley of Virginia, west of the Blue Ridge, was first explored by Europeans it was but sparsely inhabited. On the South Branch there was a Shawanogi clan numbering about 150 persons, and in what is now Berkeley county were a few of the Tuscaroras. A hundred miles to the northeast of the Tuscaroras was the Mingo tribe on the Susquehanna. Much farther to the south of the Shawnees, on the Catawba river in North Carolina, lived the Catawbas. Though so widely separated as Shawnees and Catawbas, hostilities were frequent. The Valley of Virginia was virtually a military highway and advantage was taken of the leading water courses for the Indian trails.

Shawanogi means "southern" pronounced shawanoes or shawnees by the white men. They were of the Algonquin stock in the far North, and were related to the Indian tribe of New England and the Middle States. In mental powers and physical endowments the Shawnees ranked above the average of the aborigines, and in the personalities of Cornstalk and Tecumseh, are found two of the ablest Indians known to historians. The Shawnees were active, sensible, manly and high spirited. Though they were cheerful, full of jokes and laughter, yet in deceit and treachery they were not outclassed by any of the tribes. Moreover according to the Indian way of estimating things the Shawnees were generous livers, and their women superior housekeepers.

Matters of public interest were settled by councils, the members of which had equal rights to speak and vote and while the speeches were often highly eloquent, yet the longwinded orator would not be endured more than once.

Shawnees were religious in their own way and as they were given to form opinions. They believed the souls of the dead took their flight to a happy hunting ground beyond the sun, but no coward or deformed person could find admission to this blissful abode. Hence it appears as a feature of the Indian belief that a slain enemy should be abused and mutilated.

Let it be understood that the pioneers learned of the Indians many ways of preparing corn for food, as the roasting-ear and the Johnny-cake. The Indian cheerfully taught our ancestors how to make deer-skin sieves, how to utilize cornhusks, to smoke tobacco, recognize medicinal herbs and to prepare farming land by belting the trees. So it appears the experience of the natives very materially influenced the white frontiersman's mode of living. Even the costume of the white settler was an approach to that of the native and sometimes his cabin was no more inviting than the teepee. The Shawnees had their folklore and tribal history, passed from father to son in the form of oral tradition. Moreover they had proverbial sayings that evinced a keen sense of humor. A specimen of these proverbs are herewith given. And while they may not be compared to the proverbs of Solomon, still the times in which we are now living might be somewhat improved were they generally known and made use of.

No Indian ever sold his daughter for a name.

A squaw's tongue runs faster than the wind's legs.

The Indian scalps his enemy; the paleface skins his friends.

Before the paleface came there was no poison in the Indian's corn.

There will be hungry pale faces so long as there is any Indian land to swallow.

There are three things it takes a strong man to hold—a young warrior, a wild horse, and a handsome squaw.

The Indian and the Paleface differed in their philosophy. The frontiersman believed the Indian should live as he himself was doing and figured it out in the man-

ner to this effect—the Indian needs only a little ground for his own use, and so the white settler had a perfect right to the vast remainder. This meant all the trouble that pioneer history stands for because when the Indian objected and resisted the aggressive and resolute paleface because angered to desperation, then there were perilous times. And what makes such history so sad to the reflecting mind is in the fact that both believed themselves to be in the right. On just such promises some of the most threatening controversies now pending and are ominous of the near approach of perilous times, such as the world has never seen or will ever see again.

Davenport, Iowa, October 20, 1910.

Editor Pocahontas Times: Thinking it may be of interest to at least some of your readers in senior class, I wish to say we have just received the neatly printed and folded announcement of the Fiftieth Wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Crispin, of Tipton, Iowa, which occurs at their beautiful home at the above named place, on October 27, 1910.

The greater portion of these fifty years of a happy life they busied themselves on their well cultivated farm just to the Southeast of Tipton, Iowa.

Mr. Crispin was born in Ohio and came to Iowa when a young man, and while being a successful farmer he was always more or less interested in educational work, having taught school in his earlier life. Mr. Crispin has held numerous county offices and for several years was assessor.

Mrs. Crispin was born in Pocahontas county, W. Va., and being daughter of the late George Gay, came to Iowa with her parents in her childhood days back in the 50's, and is now the only living member of this once large family.

Since the death of Mrs. Susan J. Peck, of Lobelia, W. Va., and Mr. Joseph C. Gay, of Elk Mt., W. Va., Mrs. Mary Crispin, of Tipton, Iowa, is the only living member of all three of these pioneer families. The Gays were famously known for their generosity and hospitality, and a helping hand and cheerful encouragement to the poor or those in affliction or distress, and Mrs. Crispin is no exception to this rule. Mr. and Mrs. Crispin being both blest with a cheerful and forgiving nature, have held their years well, and to any one who has the pleasure of visiting their home they are no so nearly advanced in years as what the announcement make them. Mr. and Mrs. Crispin are the parent of three living children, two sons and a daughter, all married and to themselves. Charles resides at Wilton, Iowa. Emerson in Dakota, and Mrs. Daniel Brown, of Independence, Iowa.

WILL A. YOUNG.

Remember the Sabbath.

The benighted Karens of Burma had no division of time into days, weeks, etc., but when christianized fell upon a contrivance to know the Lord's Day. They broke a bamboo into seven pieces laying aside one piece each day until the seventh. Shall we as christians, with more knowledge, be less careful than those dark Karens of God's Day, and shall our memories be more fragile than the weak bamboo sticks.

A very home-sick Irishman was standing on the wharf this side of the water, wishing himself heartily back in the "ould country." Suddenly a man in diver's suit emerged from the depth. "By holy Mary and all the saints," gasped Paddy, "if I had been like ye, I would have walked across under the big sea and saved me money to go home with."

"John, did you give Mr. Jones the note?"

"Yes, sir, but he is blind and can't read it."

"Blind! how do you know that? Why he asked me twice where my hat wer, and it wer on my head all the time."

CURVES AND GRADES.

They Are Becoming Important Owing to Increase of Automobile Traffic.

Until recently the location of highways has been governed more by grade than by alignment. For obvious reasons horse drawn vehicles demand easy grades, but were little affected by sharp curves. Consequently roads were so laid out as to meet this requirement, being made to wind around hills and follow tortuous water courses with little attempt to provide curves of long radii. The result is a highway system which except in level country, is composed of crooked roads, well adapted to the needs of wagon traffic, picturesque and pleasing, but unsuited to the requirements of a traffic composed of heavy motor driven vehicles traveling at high speed.

Safety is a factor that hitherto has entered into the work of road building to only a very limited extent, but which is constantly assuming more importance. The rapidly increasing use of motor vehicles places this new responsibility on the roadmaker, and the building of new roads with longer curves and the realignment of old roads will do much toward reducing the dangers attendant upon the new modes of transportation.

The existence of a curve generally, though not necessarily, presupposes its presence on the inner side of some obstruction shutting off the view of the roadway ahead from a vehicle traveling around it. Curves having radii of 1,000 feet or less are of common occurrence in such places, and a width of thirty feet in the clear is as great as that found on many country roads. On such a curve the driver of an automobile running in the middle of the road can see an approaching car, also in the middle of the road, only about 350 feet ahead. At thirty miles an hour a little less than nine seconds are required to traverse this distance, and if each car were running at that speed only a little over four seconds would elapse between the instant when they came in sight of each other and their meeting. Many considerations prohibit the establishment of an arbitrary minimum radius for highway curves, but a careful study of prevailing conditions shows clearly that more attention will have to be paid to this phase of road building in the future than has been accorded to it in the past. Roads must be economical, they must be durable, and they must satisfy the conditions that experience has imposed upon them, but they must be safe.

OIL VALUABLE TO ROADS.

Makes Them Waterproof in Winter and Prevents Frost Damage.

Some interesting data concerning the value of oil in the making of good roads appeared in a Kansas experiment station bulletin. An evenly graded stretch of sandy loam road a quarter of a mile long and thirty feet wide was sprayed with an oil residue or residuum. A dust mulch about four inches deep had formed on this road and had caused almost a cessation of traffic. The road was first plowed to a depth of four and one-half inches and then thoroughly pulverized with a harrow. Oil to the extent of one gallon per square yard was then sprinkled and harrowed in, after which the road was floated. The road was closed to traffic for a week after this treatment. The effect of freezing weather on the roadbed was the object first studied. The results proved that the oil made a



From Good Roads Magazine, New York. ONE METHOD OF OILING ROAD.

waterproof shed and kept the underlying soil sufficiently dry to prevent serious injury by frosts. The question of the durability of a road seems also settled when roads are treated with oil, as this road successfully withstood all kinds of heavy traffic. In the hottest season it was deemed necessary to spray again with oil, about half a gallon to the square yard, to keep down a slight layer of dust. The estimated cost of oiling this road is \$325 per mile, although some of it varied and the extreme cost went as high as a rate of \$1,500 per mile.

Importance of Good Roads. It is hard to figure out who is hit the hardest when a rural route is discontinued on account of the impassibility of the roads. It is a harm worker to the farmer on the route that measures greater than the harm to any one who is a beneficiary of the service, but the merchant is also a great loser, and it stands him well in hand to keep advised of the road conditions in his locality and to talk, act and work for good roads all the time.

Station Agents to Boost Good Roads. The officials of the Pennsylvania railroad have started a movement to have station agents along its lines become good roads advocates in an effort to have the roads near the stations improved. The railroad officials believe that improvement of the roads would reduce the time that cars are compelled to wait on sidings when farmers are unable to haul goods over the poor roads in bad weather.

Bartow.

George Dudgey weighed a fine lot of umbrellas here Saturday. He did not stop them but took them east to feed a hare.

J. H. Kramer was in town one day last week.

Driver Gum had the misfortune to get his jaws pretty badly bumped one day last week. He was helping deliver some cattle, and was holding a rail to keep them in place when one ran against the rail with full force, and the rail hit Gum on the chin. Several of his teeth were broken and his jaws badly lacerated. He was unconscious about an hour and a half. Dr. Chapman rendered surgical aid and he is getting along very well. We would not have been surprised to hear of him being kicked by a mule and crippled but did not dream of him being hurt in this way.

Mrs. John Cunningham is very sick; Drs. Mooman and Barner attending physicians.

Mr. Blevin's little child, aged three weeks, was buried here Monday afternoon.

Rev. Burr is holding a protracted meeting at this place.

W. D. Burkley had quite a wreck near Spencer school house Thursday evening. He was hauling a lot of furniture loaded on a hay rack. Some of the furniture struck a telephone pole that hung across the road, making a noise which frightened the horses and they started to run away. He tried to stop them but his lines broke and they got away. The wagon, ladders and some of the furniture was broken, but Billie patched it up and went on his way rejoicing.

Mrs. Betty Hoover died Sunday night at the home of her son, Emory Wilfong, near Boyer.

William Gum and family were on North Fork Monday attending the burial of Mrs. Gum's brother, Earl Sutton.

Mrs. Goodsell of Durbin, was in town Friday evening with her automobile.

W. B. Simmons is teaching the Boyer school instead of W. B. Spencer, as reported last week.

H. F. Kinsey, for two years religious and social work director of the Railroad Association at Williamson, W. Va., has accepted a similar position with our Association and took up his work with us October 15th. Mr. Kinsey was formerly a school teacher, later an editor, and comes to us specially well equipped for his work. He is a splendid musician, and will harness up some of the latent musical talent among our railroad Jacks and bring new life to our social and religious work. We bespeak for him the hearty co-operation of all our railroad people.—Richmond Railroad Men.

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